

SPORTS REVIEW

**IS APARTMENT WRESTLING
BECOMING
TOO BRUTAL?**

December 1978

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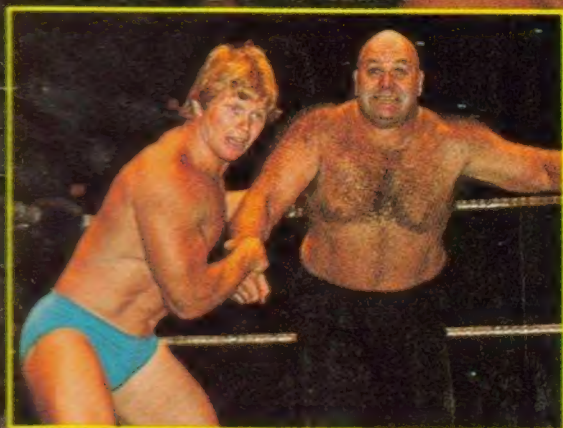
Wrestling



**THE
MAN
WHO
SAVAGED
DUSTY
RHODES**

**BOB
BACKLUND'S
CHAMPIONSHIP
REPORT CARD**

**Does He
Pass Or Fail?**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—IVAN KOLOFF
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 4—VICTOR RIVERA
- 5—DINO BRAVO
- 6—LUKE GRAHAM
- 7—IVAN PUTSKI
- 8—SPIROS ARION
- 9—STAN STASIAK
- 10—GORILLA MONSOON

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKLE

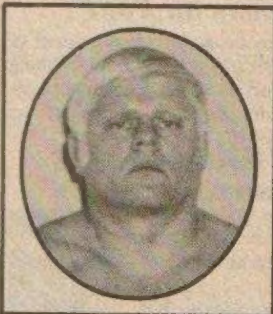
- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—RAY STEVENS
- 3—BILLY ROBINSON
- 4—CRUSHER
- 5—BOB ORTON JR.
- 6—JIM BRUNZELL
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—LARRY HENNIG
- 9—MIGHTY IGOR
- 10—RUFUS R. JONES

MOST POPULAR

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—DINO BRAVO
- 4—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 5—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 6—JACK BRISCO
- 7—MIL MASCARAS
- 8—MR. WRESTLING II
- 9—PAUL JONES
- 10—BILLY ROBINSON



SUPERSTAR GRAHAM



CRUSHER



RIC FLAIR



BLACKJACK LANZA

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—JACK BRISCO
- 5—KEN PATERA
- 6—THE SPOILER
- 7—DICK SLATER
- 8—DORY FUNK JR.
- 9—BRUISER
- 10—ANGELO MOSCA

TAG TEAMS

- 1—BARON VON RASCHKE & GREG VALENTINE
- 2—THE YUKON LUMBERJACKS
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—PAUL JONES & RICK STEAMBOAT
- 5—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 6—MR. SATO & MR. SAITO
- 7—RAY STEVENS & PAT PATTERSON
- 8—STEVE KEIRN & MIKE GRAHAM
- 9—BLACKJACK LANZA & BOB ORTON JR.
- 10—HECTOR & CHAVO GUERRERO

MOST HATED

- 1—RIC FLAIR
- 2—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 3—KEN PATERA
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—ERNIE LADD
- 6—THE SPOILER
- 7—SPIROS ARION
- 8—IVAN KOLOFF
- 9—KILLER KARL KOX
- 10—BARON VON RASCHKE

THE TATTLER

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen
Chicago, Ill.

Warren Knowles
Seattle, Wash.

Allison Corey
New York, N.Y.

Andre Camus
Montreal, Canada

Buddy Ford
St. Louis, Mo.

Masanori Murikami
Tokyo, Japan

Andy Rankowski
Portland, Ore.

Myron Roth
Miami, Fla.

Clifford Douglas
Denver, Colo.

Kevin McCloud
Boston, Mass.

Leroy Jackson
Detroit, Mich.

Danny Torres
Los Angeles, Ca.

B.W. Foreman
Atlanta, Ga.

Paul Dreiser
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carl Salinger
Richmond, Va.

Geoffrey York
Toronto, Canada

Charles F. Amberson
St. Paul, Minn.

Cedric Coleridge
Sydney, Australia

George Hawkins
Bangor, Me.

Ed Remington
Indianapolis, Ind.

Diane Goh
Honolulu, Hi.

James Washington
Houston, Tex.

John West
Baltimore, Md.

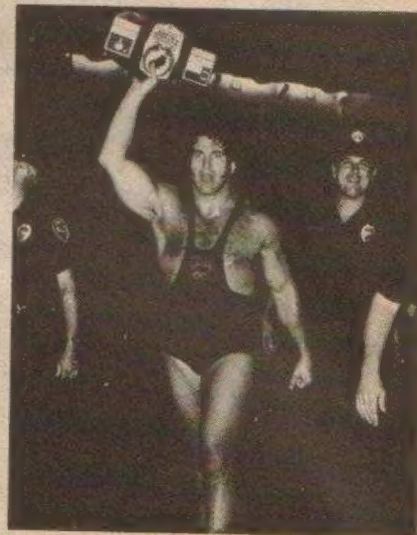
Ellen Larsen
Charlotte, N.C.

Butch Gallagher
San Francisco, Ca.

Virginia W. Sloan
Amarillo, Tex.

Randy Swift
Memphis, Tenn.

Barry Simon
Tampa, Fla.



KEN PATERA

RICHMOND, VA.—Ken Patera calls himself "The World's Strongest Man." It is a title he is proud of, and to give the man his due, has earned. So when someone else comes to town also calling himself a "Strongman," it makes Patera as jumpy as a hen surrounded by hungry wolves.

"That little boy Tony Atlas," Patera snarled, "is fit only to shine my shoes. Hell, he's not even fit for that. He's fit to only lick my shoes."

Yet, in the first confrontation between the two, Atlas proved he could match Patera hold for hold,

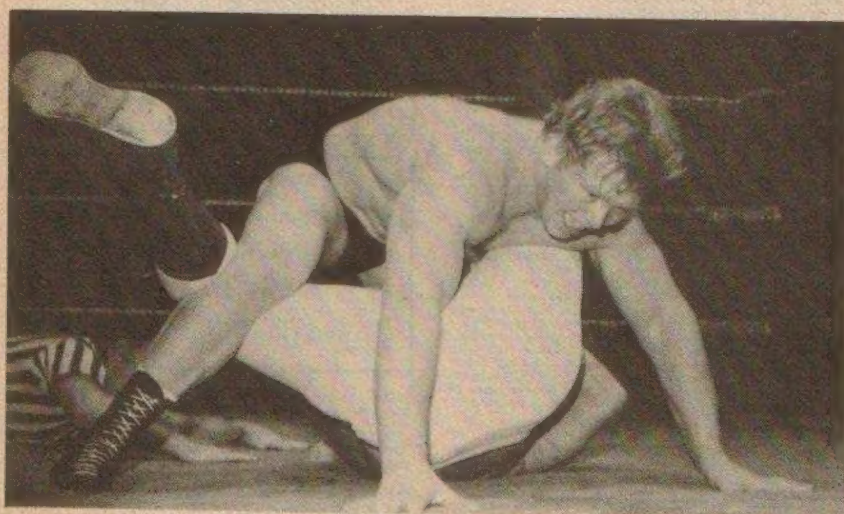
(Continued on page 46)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!



on that. The guy hasn't got anything. He's too fragile, another of those lame college-boy wrestlers who I feel are ruining the sport. Wait until Koloff gets his hands on him."

Paul Krause, Quincy, Massachusetts:
"Backlund represents that new wave of wrestlers, and I think it'll take at least five or ten years to fully assess the impact. But in the interim, I'm real impressed by the guy. He has an awful lot of guts, which is essential for a champion."

THE QUESTION:

"How much longer can Bob Backlund remain WWF champion?"

Bob tries to pin Superstar Graham (above). Against NWA champion Harley Race, Backlund shows no mercy (below).

Peggy Liner, New York, New York:
"I was there when Backlund won the belt from Superstar Graham, and it was disgusting. A robbery, pure and simple. Any wrestler like Backlund is doomed, because he hasn't got the courage needed in wrestling. He's a loser, you'll see."

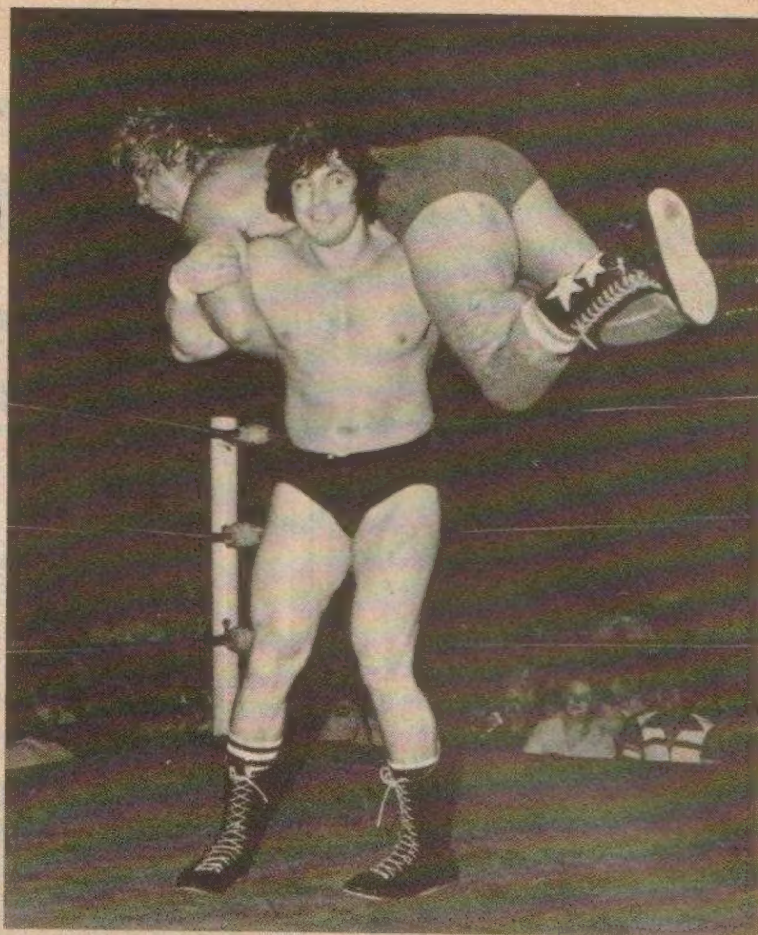
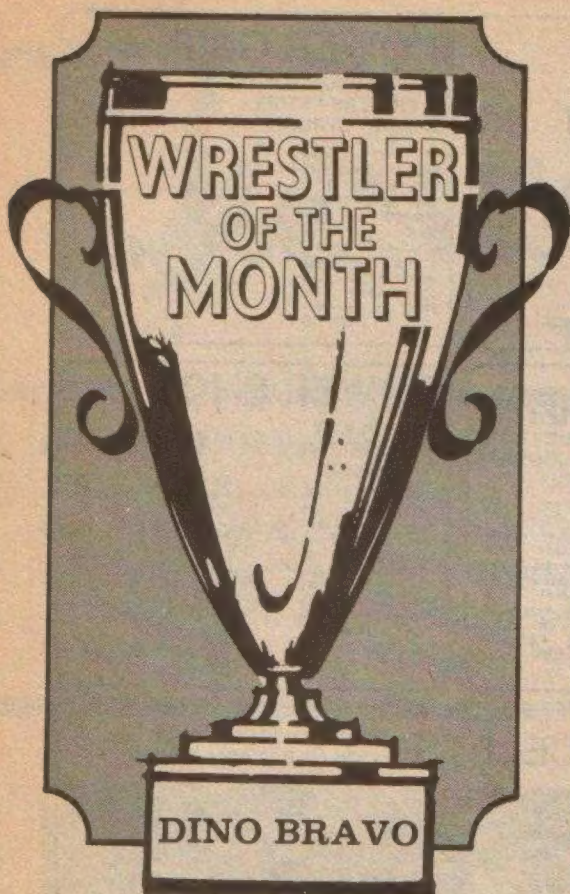
THE ANSWERS:

Carol Perkins, Charlotte, North Carolina: "I admit I've never seen Backlund in person, but from what I can tell, he is quite an athlete, got a good build and good moves. I think he's a comer and could hold the title for many years."

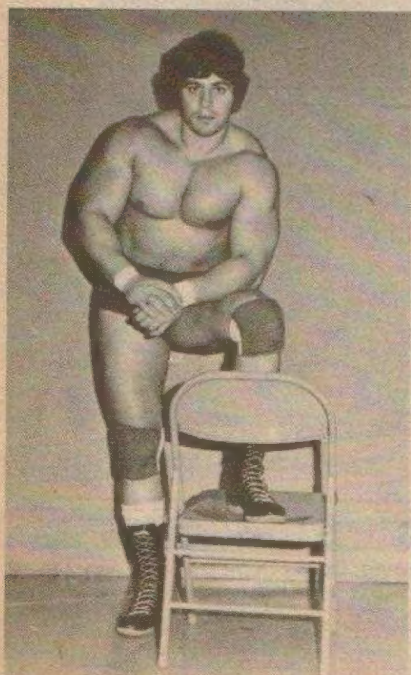
Andrew Hale, Newark, New Jersey:
"Backlund won't be champion in six months, you can stake your life



Neil Essian, Miami, Florida:
"He could go on for five years. He is a very talented young man and very personable. Backlund has the kind of personality, easy-going, suited for a long reign as champ. I really think he's something else." □



Dino has proven he is a top superstar wherever he has wrestled. In Georgia, Dino wrestled Dick Slater in one of the most exciting matches ever seen south of the Mason-Dixon line. Dino is currently wrestling in the WWWF territory.



HIS STEADY PROGRESS, a style methodically proficient, technically exact, is attracting watchful gazes from the wrestling community. These fixed expressions are not the product of detached scrutiny, but are fed by his inexorable attack on one of wrestling's most sacred records. Lou Thesz's streak of 142 consecutive matches in which he defeated his opponent in fifteen minutes or less.

"To be honest, I really haven't thought about Thesz's record,"

Dino Bravo admitted. "I'm still a little distance away, heck, far away before the pressure would start on me.

"I'm what, tenth place now, correct? Okay then. There are still a lot of people in front of me, and then once I go into second, Lou Thesz is still a considerable distance away. But it could get exciting," Dino grinned impishly. "I guess winning Wrestler of the Month is a step toward acknowledging that I might make a

(Continued on page 48)

Every month, the editors of **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING** search the globe to find the one man whose achievements have surpassed those of all other wrestlers. Sometimes the selection may shock you. Other times you will be very pleased by the selection. But you will always agree our choice deserves to be "Wrestler of the Month!"

TOP WRESTLER

YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING**, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS

**Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N. Y.
11571**

**The "Question
of the Month" is:**

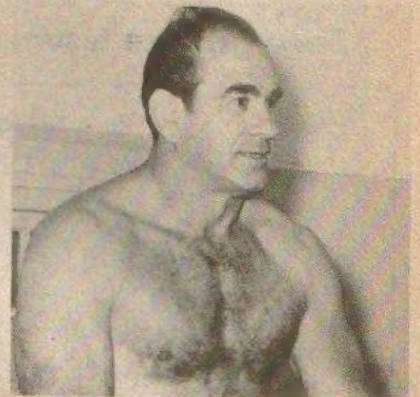
**"Who is your
favorite young
wrestler?"**

**Submitted by:
Anthony
Hopkins;
Quincy, Florida**



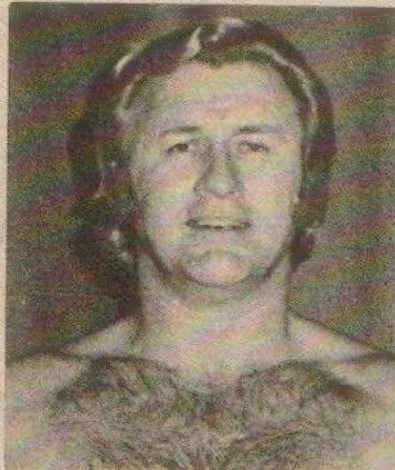
BRUNO SAMMARTINO

"Everyone will be expecting this, but Larry Zbyszko is the number one youthful wrestler, as far as I am concerned. Larry has yet to get the breaks he deserves, but once he does, the rest of wrestling will agree with me."



LOU THESZ

"Now, I haven't seen him in person, but from a few times on television and from what people tell me, Dino Bravo appears to be the cream of the crop. He is a very talented young man, and he appears to have the desire to be successful."



NICK BOCKWINKLE

"Finally, the AWA has a wrestler worthy of my praise. Bob Orton Jr. is a superb wrestler, basically because he models himself after me. The wrestling world needs more men like Orton and less candy-asses like Gagne and Brunzell."



PAUL JONES

"The clever and talented young man, Rick Steamboat, is my personal favorite. I find his dedication and integrity to be very appealing. If he continues to work as hard as he has, I believe he will be a champion very soon."

RS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



RIC FLAIR

"I'm my favorite young wrestler. I'm the best wrestler, with the best body and best maneuvers. What a stupid question. Who did you think I'd pick? Asinine writers and and asinine fans?"



GREG VALENTINE

"I know what Ric said, but Flair is the best young wrestler around. He's got all the equipment: brains, strength, personality, integrity. The only thing I'm surprised at is Ric didn't select me. Well, it was just an oversight, I guess."



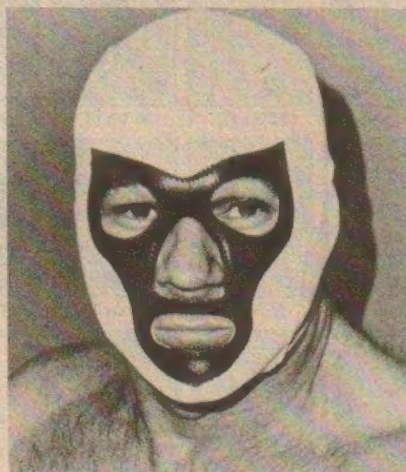
ANDRE THE GIANT

"Bob Backlund has to be the finest young wrestler I have ever seen. When I came up a few years ago, I did not have the polish that Backlund has, though I do now. I think Bob will be WWWF champion for a long time."



IVAN PUTSKI

"Just to show how forgiving I am, I will recommend a person I personally dislike and have a feud with: Tully Blanchard. He has much to learn about being a decent human being, but he has much potential as a professional wrestler."



MR. WRESTLING II

"I've had the opportunity to witness a number of very good young grapplers, but the one who really stands out in my mind is Tommy Rich. Now that's a kid who'll go far in this sport. Rich has everything it takes to be a champion."



MIL MASCARAS

"I do not want to sound guilty of nepotism, but my younger brother, Dos Caras, who has wrestled extensively in our native Mexico and is touring with me in Japan, is an outstanding young wrestler with great potential."

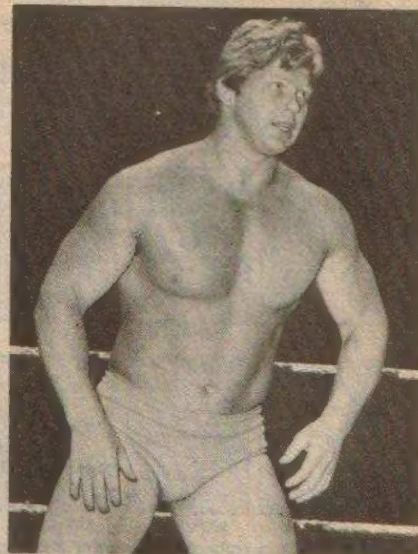
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MAIL



WWF champion Bob Backlund had a classic match against Spiros Arion. Bob now feels more confident than ever during his bouts.



Many fans wrote in to condemn Mr. Wrestling II for going berserk in his match against Abdullah the Butcher. This match proved that the masked man can be a terror if he loses his temper.

NO EXCUSE FOR IT

I don't care how many self-serving whines Mr. Wrestling II vomits up, he *should* have retired after what he did to Abdullah the Butcher (November 1978).

Now, I don't mean to condone Abdullah's wretched behavior, but if Mr. Wrestling II is the fine man he makes himself out to be,

he should have kept his poise. He went berserk and whatever the reason, he was wrong. A guy like Luke Graham goes insane and they excuse it because he's a lunatic. But Mr. Wrestling II goes wild and they blame it on his opponent. One set of standards, boys.

OLIVER SEFTIN
High Point, N.C.

BACKLUND'S FATAL WEAKNESS

The only man who can defeat Bob Backlund will never be subdued, because that man lives inside of Backlund.

Bob Backlund is his own worst enemy and I am totally convinced of that after reading "The Night The Doubts Died" (November 1978). Backlund's fatal flaw is that he listens to what people say and write about him. He should just go out and wrestle without worrying about proving anything to a bunch of stupid writers and fans.

ERNIE PASS
Reading, Pa.

FEEL SORRY FOR ALL OF THEM

It's tragic that such a sad thing should happen and force a man like Eddie Graham to say "Steve Keirn Will Destroy My Son" (November 1978). It's dangerous when two good friends like Steve Keirn and Mike Graham form a partnership which develops trouble.

What are these three fine people to do? My heart goes out

(Continued on page 50)

**BO
CHAMPION**

Does He Pass Or Fail?

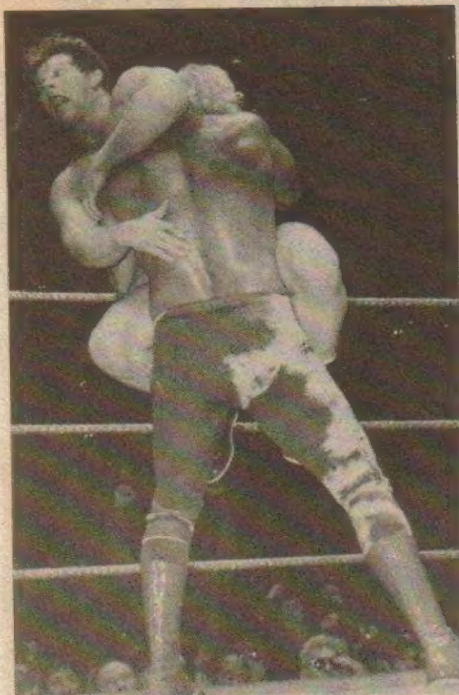
THE TIME HAS come to put aside all the emotionality which surrounds WWF champion Bob Backlund. Certainly enough irrationality has pervaded discussion of Backlund. Enough asinine comments from rulebreakers and self-serving jealousies from scientific wrestlers have sufficiently clouded analysis of Backlund's reign as champion.

What is needed is a cold, logical examination of Bob Backlund's reign as champion. The championship report card of Bob Backlund.

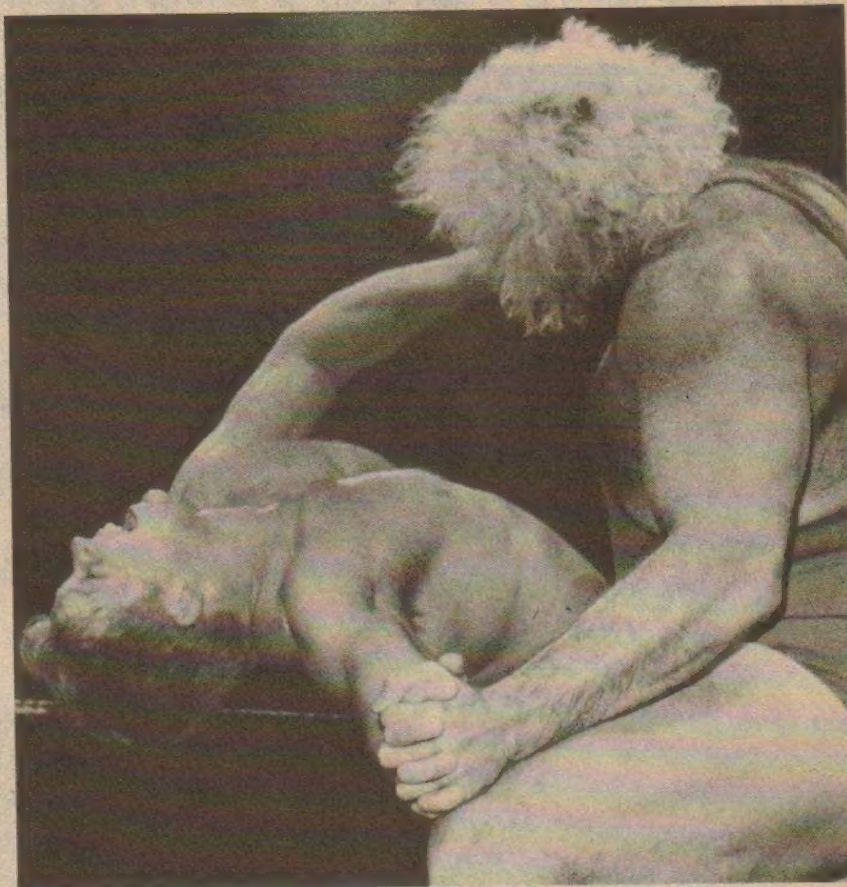
Quite simply, does Bob Backlund pass or fail as champion?

Several factors must be incorporated into the final decision. Among them are the

BOB BACKLUND'S CHAMPIONSHIP REPORT CARD



Superstar Graham tries to finish Backlund (above), but Bob will recover. Bob's great ability is evident in bouts against Ken Patera (right) and in a steel cage against Graham (below right).



quality of Backlund's foes and the quality of wrestling he has demonstrated. How does Backlund conduct himself in the ring? What sort of ability does Backlund have? How good are his maneuvers?

Backlund is surely one of wrestling's most decent and chivalrous grapplers. After Superstar Graham's disgusting reign as champion, and with such vile vermin as Harley Race and Nick Bockwinkel holding the other

two major federation belts, Backlund's honesty and integrity is a warm gust of air in professional wrestling.

Despite gruesome provocation from rulebreakers, despite venomous taunts and maiming holds, introduction of foreign objects and some of the worst public pressure to befall a champion in many years, Backlund has consistently maintained his composure.

(Continued on page 52)



The championship reign of WWF titleholder Bob Backlund has become one surrounded by controversy. Just what kind of champion is Bob in the eyes of wrestling's greatest experts? Now is the time we all find out

Greg Valentine vs. Blackjack Mulligan:



BUT THE REAL WASN'T IN THE

STEP BY STEP, the terror grows within Ric Flair's cowardly figure. This despicable creature finds new ways to conceal it from public observation, new paths of treachery to shield the malignant fear which tears at his

Still, it is there. And, despite his most deceitful efforts, Ric Flair cannot rid himself of the fear. The fear of Blackjack Mulligan.

"I ain't afraid of man or beast," Flair said boastfully. "The only reason I asked Greg Valentine to wrestle Mulligan was 'cause I

though my main man Greg might want the exercise and practice of wrestlin' a water buffalo. You never know when you'll be in a swamp, hah-ha-ha."

Convincing talk to a pack of water buffalos, but not to any intelligent observer. Flair contends



Left, opposite page: With Mulligan down, Greg Valentine uses an atomic skullcrusher to stun him. Left: Greg refuses to let the man from Texas re-enter the ring. Below: Ric Flair, the man "in the middle."

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

Many feel that Greg Valentine is being used as a puppet by his so-called best friend, Ric Flair. If his match against Blackjack Mulligan is any indication, Greg is walking a deadly tightrope!

ENEMY THE RING

that he wanted Valentine to wrestle Mulligan for practice. Oh, come now, Ric.

"You know the real reason why I ended up wrestling Valentine and not Flair," Mulligan said. "It's because Ric Flair is afraid of me.

"But what's worse than that,

because you expect a coward to be cowardly, is that Flair is using Valentine. And Valentine is too stupid to realize it."

Flair manipulating Valentine? Could Ric Flair have stooped so low as to exploit his one true friend?





"Me and Ric are like brothers and I know he wouldn't ever do anything to harm me," Greg said angrily.

That protest is based more on emotion than fact, for the cold evidence suggests that, with each successive match, Flair's problems with Mulligan increase. Each match becomes more and more difficult for Flair. Each match evolves into a question of brutish survival. Each match hints at permanent physical injury.

Obviously, Flair wants to avoid these matches. That is why his excuses grow. For example, a couple of months ago, he begged out of a match against a powerful

scientific wrestler, claiming a rib injury. Valentine eagerly took Flair's place. Or several months ago when Flair became stricken with a mysterious ailment, Greg again took his place.

"Hey, Ric's my friend. Why wouldn't I do him a solid like this and wrestle Mulligan? I ain't afraid of Mulligan," Valentine said.

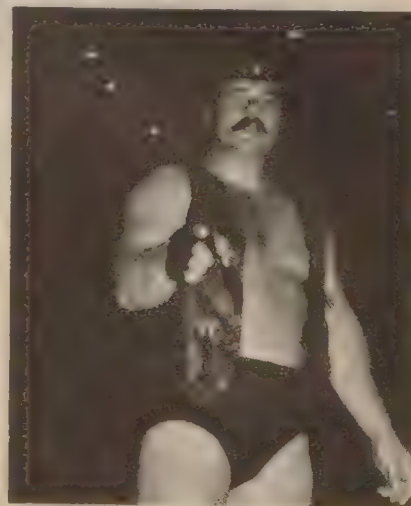
But the pattern of manipulation is forming and taking on all the elements of ugly exploitation.

"If Valentine even had a quarter of a brain, which he doesn't, he'd see that Flair is playing him for a fool. You think Flair was really hurt those times when he talked Valentine into wrestling other

opponents?" Mulligan asked. "No, man, not at all. Flair just didn't want to mess up his pretty little face and he knew his dumb donkey friend Valentine would willingly take his place.

"And this time, when Flair was supposed to wrestle me but instead got Valentine to do it. I've been whipping Flair's butt time and again and he knows one of these days he's not going to leave the ring standing. Pretty boys like Flair are terrified of getting their faces smashed up.

"Look, Flair can't be a friend to



Another skullcrusher has Mulligan in big trouble (left). Mulligan has a bounty on his head put there by Ric Flair.

anyone but himself. If anyone knows of that, it's me. I just feel sorry for Valentine because he's such a mush-head and doesn't know any better, though Valentine does get what he deserves."

Valentine was enraged at Mulligan's implications.

"Flair is my good buddy and I know he'd never hurt me. Hey, if I didn't want to wrestle someone, wouldn't Ric do the same for me?"

Would he?

"Sure I'd wrestle for Greg," Ric asserted loudly. "Who would he want me to take on? I'd do anything for Greg. He'd just have to give me a little advance notice so I could see if I could do it, that's all." □

CRAZY LUKE!



CRAZY. THAT WORD would seem to describe the bizarre, unbalanced existence of Luke Graham. Crazy. A word befitting Graham's stature as a genuinely deranged person, a man for whom morals or

civilized restraints are non-existent, a man who may very well do anything in the ring.

Anything.

Trying to get him to say anything remotely intelligible is an effort in itself. When

questioned, Graham's face puffs out, his tongue roams wildly behind purpling cheeks, eyes bulge and glaze, his forehead creases in what appears to be a frown, but which is in reality, cosmic

"Crazy Luke! Crazy Luke!" That's the chant of fans when Luke Graham enters the ring. We feel that the term "Crazy" is just a little too mild for him, the most insane member of the Graham clan

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Crazy Luke Graham has a combination armbar and choke hold on the very capable Tank Patton (above). Luke stalks Patton early in the battle (right). Tank, a notorious rulebreaker himself, claimed after the match, "This guy Luke Graham is nuts!"

puzzlement. Then, once the components of his malfunctioning machine are whirring, his throat muscles twitch spasmodically, head tilts back. And speech comes out of his mouth.

"Huh? I ain't never thought about crazy, you see? Understand? 'Cause crazy is for people who ain't around

anymore. Huh? People who don't talk like me, who's that? Sam? I don't know a Sam? Okay."

Obviously, that response wasn't a discussion of presidential politics. It was a Luke Graham reply to a simple question: Who was your toughest opponent?

Graham's tenuous grip with

reality has resulted in several disgusting spectacles in the ring, the portrait of a man gone berserk, ripping at opponent's eyes and throwing stools and bellowing vile obscenities. The portrait of madness. Of someone who belongs in a mental institution, not a ring.

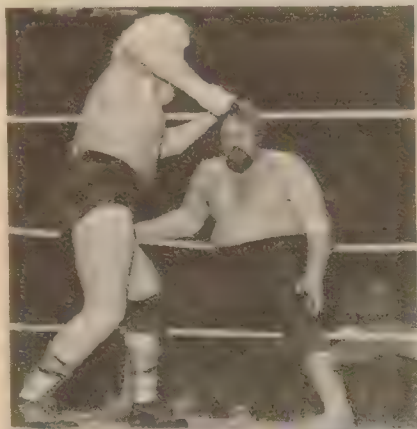
"What worries me is that Graham might go really nutsy, even more than he is now, and kill someone," says a promoter. "The guy ain't got much left, but it's possible that the little he has upstairs could go bloody and then you'd have a corpse on your hands."

Graham is simply not fazed by blood, his or an opponent's. Nor does the spectacle of biting bloody holes in human flesh disturb him. Nor does excruciated wails bursting from tormented lips bother him. All these manifestations of madness have occurred in Graham's career. He has gone too far already, has caused mutilation in foes, seen opponents scream for mercy, seen his own flesh ripped and shredded, yet responded with a manical laugh.





The referee tries to stop Luke from pummeling Tank on the ropes (above). Patton looks as if he's had enough (center). This is why he is called "Crazy Luke" (bottom of page).



Crazy Luke Graham.

"Blood? Um, um good," he cackled fiendishly, stopped, glared around the room, then laughed until his cheeks were flushed. "I like blood, favorite color, you like strawberries, I do too, when on, what? Joe who?"

As with other deranged wrestlers, attempts have been made to have him interned in a psychiatric clinic for tests. And

Together, Luke and Billy form a menacing tag team. But it is not the combination of the Graham brothers that is disturbing. It is the consistent exploitation of Luke Graham's obviously unbalanced mental state which is most frightening.

"From observation of Luke Graham, it is quite obvious that he borders on schizophrenic paranoia," said a well-known



Peak action photo captures the intense viciousness and force Crazy Luke puts behind a neckbreaker. Once Luke Graham begins destroying an opponent, only the National Guard can stop him.



the result is predictable. Someone always intercedes on Luke's behalf. Usually, it's his half-brother, Superstar.

"Ain't no one gonna put my brother away. Anyone who is stupid enough to try will get his face smashed up, you dig, man," Superstar thundered ominously.

"Ain't nothin' wrong with my brother. He's as normal as I am, and almost as good a wrestler. People are afraid not 'cause he's got anything wrong with his head, but 'cause he's a tough dude who can whip anyone's butt, you mark my words."

psychiatrist. "He displays all the symptoms of Condon's disease, an ailment which completely destroys all the mental faculties, leaving the victim in a psychopathic state. That is, without any conscience or belief that what he is doing may be wrong."

What this hints at is Graham's propensity toward Condon's disease. Now, if he does have the disease, since he won't permit examination, and it does deteriorate to the degree the doctor suggested, Graham may be the most dangerous wrestler alive. □



His dreams, for awhile seeming dim, have now taken on a new brightness to Dory Funk Jr. He is once again on the championship bandwagon, campaigning across the country looking for his greatest quest—to become a two-time NWA champion

WHEN ONE OF wrestling's foremost men lapses into inactivity for nearly a year, various rumors erupt, all seeking to explain the reasons why this brilliant athlete has pared his matches down to a minimal amount.

"He has a permanent injury."

"He no longer has the desire for the sport."

"He lost his guts."

All these thoughts, and more, were offered as reasons for the

absence of Dory Funk Jr. from the wrestling wars. As a former NWA champion and member of wrestling's most illustrious families, Funk's non-appearances were baffling, to say the least. And Dory did nothing to quell the onslaught of puzzling and contradictory rumors which swirled about his mysterious career.

"I just wanted to take things easy and get a better perspective on my

DORY F "I'M B

PHOTOS BY BRIAN BERKOWITZ & PAUL BAUMAN

Florida fans witness a wild brawl between Dory Funk Jr. and Wahoo McDaniel. Dory is back to the wrestling wars full time and hopes to win the NWA title for a second time.



career," Dory explains. "Lots of people asked me why I wasn't taking many matches. People were on me to make some public explanation about this.

"That's not the way I am. I let my actions do the talking for me. Like this match with Wahoo McDaniel. I wanted to show everyone that Dory Funk Jr. is back."

He certainly is. McDaniel and Funk wrestled to a one-hour time limit that was stunning in its savage

"But I knew I'd miss it. Those few matches were enough to whet my appetite and make me know how much I love the sport."

Funk says that the McDaniel match was carefully selected because of Wahoo's unique skills.

"I took on McDaniel because he's a tough dude, has a lot of skill and I knew it might go to the time-limit.

"That's why I wanted McDaniel. I knew he would give me a real

would give *me* a good match. Suddenly it's the other way around? Nah. Funk doesn't look as good as he used to."

In the end, the one person who Funk wanted to impress was glowing with pleasure.

"Dory Funk Jr. is now a few matches away from regaining the NWA belt. You can bet on that," Dory grinned. "Like I said, Dory Funk Jr. is back. And back to stay." □

FUNK JR.: BACK!"

brilliance.

As always, McDaniel wrestled in that magnificent combination of harsh power and barreling grace. But it was Funk who was the more impressive of the two, simply because he had been so inactive that any skills not intrinsically awkward were surprising.

"It wasn't like I had laid like a vegetable all this time," Funk said. "I've had only a few matches, but I've been working out steadily and doing my exercises and all, so I don't think people should be that surprised that I looked good.

"You know, every once and a while you have to step back from things to get a better look at where you are and where you're going. It was a healthy experience, just getting a hold on things again.

"Fans don't seem to realize just how grueling this sport can be. You're working six, seven days a week, traveling all over the country, sometimes the world, and it takes a lot out of you. After a while, you kind of wonder if it's all worth it.



tough match, which would prove to myself and to the public that I'm back and ready to go."

McDaniel was irritated at Funk's suggestions, feeling that Funk was using him.

"I don't like the way Dory puts it, he selected me. Didn't I have anything to do with it? I agreed to this match because I thought Funk



An abdominal stretch has Wahoo stifled (above). Another view of the same murderous hold (left). Wahoo puts Dory down and clamps on an armbar (below).



Throughout the match, Nick Bockwinkle was gazing at his own ruthless image being reflected by Angelo Mosca. What Bockwinkle saw was an ugly and frightening sight!



Left: Mosca uses one of Nick's favorite holds, a short-armlock. Mosca reminded Nick of his very own style. Right: Nick with a questionably legal chinlock.

FOR A MAN who had just successfully defended the AWA title, Nick Bockwinkle was subdued, even grim. He pawed at the chipped wooden bench with his thick, sweaty hands, then rose and approached the long, rectangular mirror which hung at the far end of the dressing room.

Bockwinkle studied himself for a long few moments, his lips moving in soundless bewilderment. Suddenly he stepped back, his face transfigured into a

THE NIGHT NICK B HAD TO

pallor of horror.

"That's what I look like to everyone else, isn't it?! he asked, though no one knew what he was talking about.

"Mosca, that Mosca, the way he wrestled. That's the way the people think I wrestle, isn't it? Come on, among all you parasites there must be an honest man," he said angrily. No



PHOTOS BY TERRANCE MACHALEK

BOCKWINKLE FACE HIMSELF

one responded, which propelled Bockwinkle into a silent rage.

With one enormous hand, he slapped at the mirror, not breaking it, just rattling it so it shook from side to side. Then Bockwinkle stormed in a tight, maniacal circle.

This bizarre behavior for the AWA champion was the result of his brutal match against Angelo

"King Kong" Mosca. The match was savage, disgustingly tawdry with neither man exhibiting any sense of fair play. Still, that is to be expected with such specimens of retarded evolution as Bockwinkle and Mosca.

But what is *unexpected* is the pained confusion Bockwinkle has experienced as the result of the match. What happened to

Nick Bockwinkle is very simple.

He saw himself, saw the vicious manner in which he wrestles, the lack of morals, of principles, all reflected in his opponent.

Bockwinkle wrestled himself and was appalled.

"I guess that is the way I wrestle, huh," he said quietly. "I can't believe that I look like that, that I actually wrestle like such a beast.

"It isn't pleasant wrestling yourself and finally realizing why the world despises you."

For each loathsome Mosca trick, Bockwinkle responded in kind. However, there was a moment in the middle of the match when Bockwinkle seemed to falter, not from tiredness, but from ravaging puzzlement.

"I was really upset because I saw some of the tricks I have used on guys and enjoyed using, Mosca was doing to me. It wasn't nice."

Yes, for all these years Bockwinkle has greedily ripped apart layers of skin and chuckled fiendishly when opponents have bled over the canvas. He has never demonstrated any constraints on his behavior. Now, as he stared moodily at the floor, a trace of guilt seemed to envelope the handsome

features.

"You gotta see yourself in another person to fully understand what kind of person you are and how bad you treat others. Damn some of the things Mosca did to me were horrible."

Among them, kneeling in the groin; ramming fingers into ears and try and shatter eardrums; gouging eyeballs; stepping on

toes and using every conceivable sort of shoddy rulebreaker tactic.

"I thought I'd written the book on rulebreaking. Hah, nerds like Graham and Race, they ain't got nothing next to me when it comes to being nasty and hurtin' people," Bockwinkle said softly, though with rising vigor.

"A guy like Mosca should be a piece of cake, someone to wipe the floor with, to clean up my spittle and let it soak in on his ugly face. But then he resorts to

stunts like he pulled, hey, didn't the ref see any of those things?

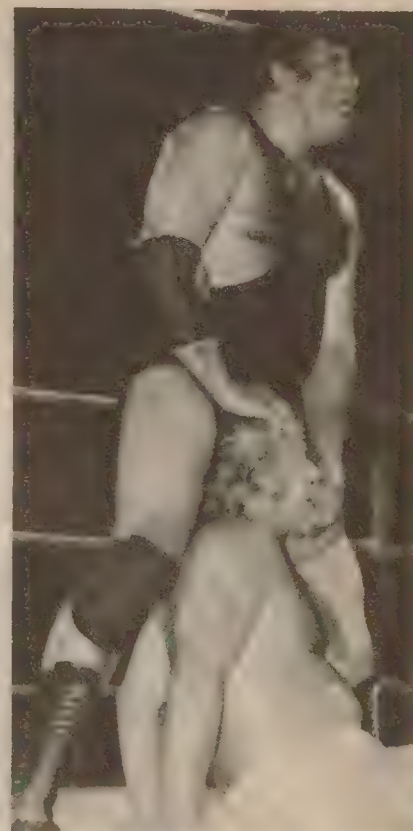
"I know, Mosca probably got friends in the underworld, I seen his relatives, guys sitting with violin cases in the front row. Well, they didn't intimidate me"

Bockwinkle stood up and pushed over the bench. A smirk ripped across his face, then grew larger as his manager, Bobby Heenan, came into the dressing room.

"Hey, how's the greatest champion of all-time doing?"



Bockwinkle adds pressure to the chinlock and Mosca appears to be suffering from its effects. Bockwinkle proved in this match that he could take the same treatment that he hands out.



Mosca tries his version of a chinlock on Nick (above). A handful of hair—another Bockwinkle tactic—used against him (below).





AWA champion Bockwinkle can't believe what is happening to him (above). It's all Mosca (right) as Nick learns what it's like to face a ruthless rulebreaker. The bout turns wild (below left), but Mosca proves he can take all that Nick dishes out (below right).



Heenan shouted across the room. Bockwinkle smiled a bit broader.

"You were wonderful tonight, Nick. I ain't never seen you so tough and brutal with someone, especially a twerp who deserved it," Heenan said.

Bockwinkle lowered his eyes. "Whatsa matter, Nick?"

"Do I really look like that in the ring, pulling all those cheap tricks?"



"What cheap tricks? You do what you gotta do because the refs are usually paid off. It's only in a match like this, when they have some crummy imitation of you that you can really show what kind of man and champion Nick Bockwinkle is."

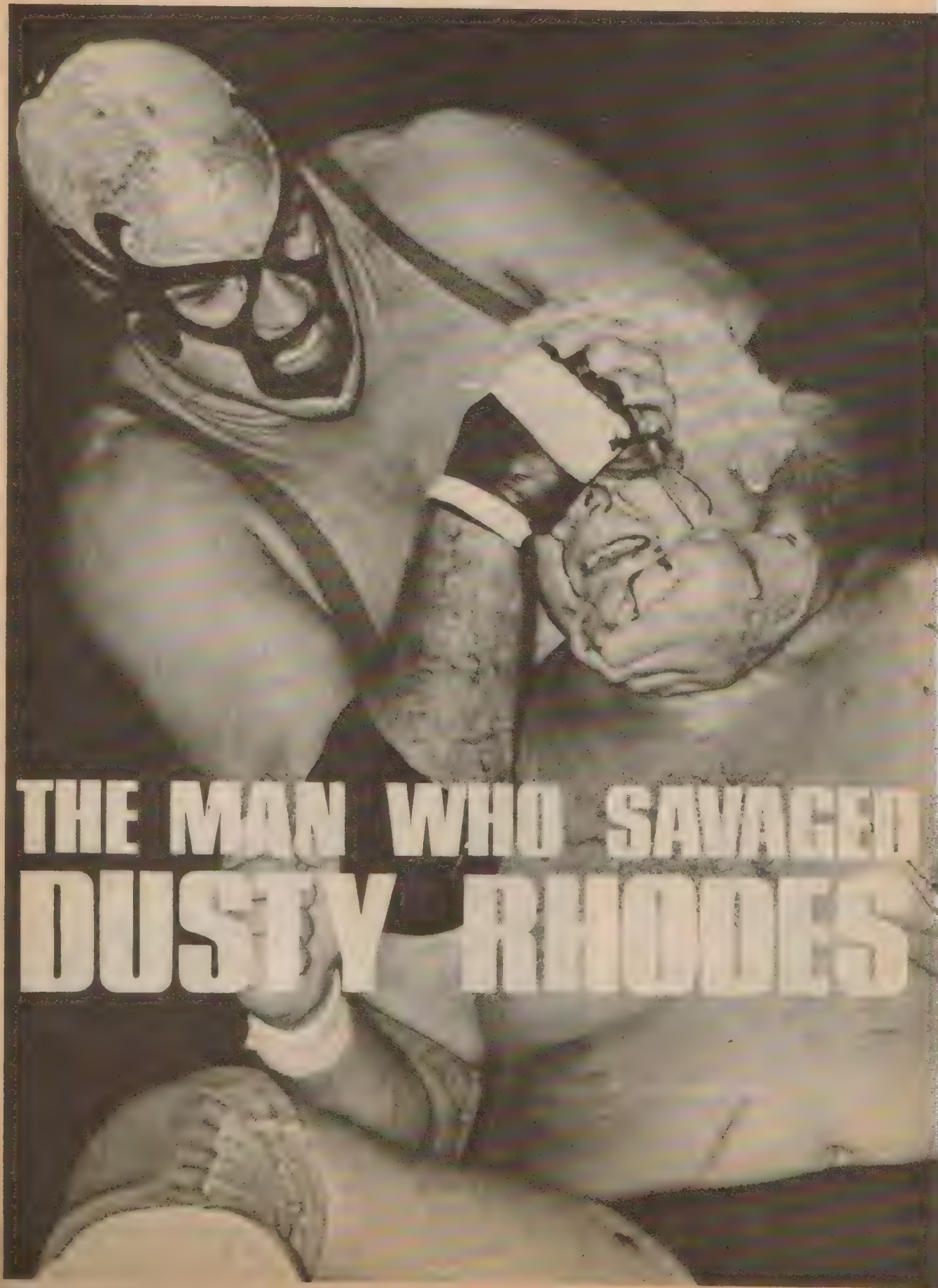
"Yeah, you're right."

"Course I'm right," Heenan yelled. "Why, you feelin' bad?"

"Kinda. Wrestling Mosca was like wrestling myself."

"Bull. Mosca is a piece of carbon paper. You're the real thing. Ain't no wrestler who ever lived able to combine such ruthlessness and cunning as you do. You're the best, Nicky."

Nick Bockwinkle looked at his manager and nodded his head. □



THE MAN WHO SAVAGED DUSTY RHODES

You have to be one hell of a roughhouse wrestler to be able to savage Dusty Rhodes. That's why the rulebreakers had to come up with the cream of their crop—the notorious Spoiler

PHOTOS BY PAUL BAUMAN

THOSE EVIL BARBARIANS who comprise the rule-breakers confederation had to creep deep within their cut-throat garbage heap for this match.

They had to find a suitably unworthy opponent for Dusty Rhodes, someone with enough amorality to overcome any feelings of guilt which the sneak attack might elicit.

They found just such a being. The Spoiler. A creature about as distasteful as a 15th century torture device, hot coals pressing down upon exposed eyeballs.

The Spoiler. The man selected to savage Dusty Rhodes.

"I knew it would be a gutter brawl with that thing as my opponent," Dusty said.

Even anticipating such venomous villainy couldn't fully prepare Dusty for the deceitful tactics of Spoiler. You must understand that Rhodes abides by the laws of civilization, unlike Spoiler. Dusty half-expects treacherous foes like Spoiler to exhibit some decency, however short-lived.

Think again.

Before the match began, Spoiler torpedoed Dusty with a cowardly sneak attack. The American Dream tumbled to the canvas and the dread Spoiler unveiled his hateful, lethal weapon.

The clawhold.

"As soon as I get into the ring, man, I hit. You think I'm gonna let the fat toad-rot get the first lick?" Spoiler raged.

"You let the guy get the first

(Continued on page 54)



Spoiler gets the jump on Dusty early in the match (above) pummeling him with elbow smashes. Once Dusty is floored, the masked man begins a vicious attack that Dusty was not ready for (below).



e vs. Steamboat: THE TITLE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

NWA champion Harley Race smashes his knee into the back of top ranked contender the talented Rick Steamboat.

That was the way it was when Race defended his crown against the young challenger. Now for the rematch.

There was already sufficient

interest, yet the planning of the match amplified the hopefulness surrounding the event.

To begin with, the rematch was fed on closed-circuit television

advance billing.

"I never feel pressure because I don't listen to anything the media press has to say," Race bragged. "Idiot's read the papers and read the so-called writers. I don't. I'm champion and I'll always be NWA

It was one of the greatest championship matches in history. There was Harley Race, champion of the NWA, defending his title against top ranked Rick Steamboat—and the whole world was watching

champion. I'm surely not afraid of a little worm like Rick Steamboat."

Such arrogance is an expected part of Race's verbal arsenal. But what was interesting was Steamboat's cool approach to this historic rematch.

"I'm just pleased to have another opportunity to wrestle for the NWA title," he said politely. "I hope I make my fans proud of me."

What the frenzied auditorium in North Carolina was treated to was a brilliant display of wrestling. The title match went three falls. It ended with Harley Race retaining his title on a one-hour time limit draw.

At the onset, Steamboat was the aggressor. He dominated the early action, unfurling move after move of exquisitely refined scientific wrestling. Race seemed bewildered

by the challenger's early onslaught.

"I wanted to get him off-balance right away," Steamboat explained.

Though Race pulled out all his tricks, Steamboat easily won the first fall.

"I was a little surprised. The guy musta been real pumped up," Race said. "I guess I bring the best out in people."

The second fall was a mirror of the first. Here, Race erupted with a

lethal admixture of savagery and maneuvering to assert dominion over Rick. Steamboat lashed out, but his best efforts were futile, for the champion skillfully eluded the agile thrusts of Steamboat and perpetuated the harsh control of the young man.

Harley's wrestling was sensational: a source of wonderment for fans not used to this brawny titlist doing anything but evil in the ring.



Steamboat has Harley locked in a tight headlock (above). Action spills outside the ring (right) and Steamboat takes advantage of the situation. A chinlock by Ricky (below) stops the champion.



"I'm good enough so I don't have to fool around with any of that scientific garbage. But every once in a while I like to try it out on some poor unsuspecting fool like a Steamboat."

Ah, but that final fall, that conclusively, inconclusive piece of genius put together by two determined, talented wrestlers. At this juncture, it was inconceivable that either man would have enough strength to continue. Still, Steamboat and Race wrestled to a level of brilliance rarely attained. Neither one ever so much as paused for air in that last fall, obsessed with destroying the opponent and leaving with the belt.

Perhaps, fittingly, it all ended in a draw. Race was still champion. Steamboat showed himself to be one of wrestling's greatest young men.

And, amazingly enough, the world was not disappointed. □

Paul Jones' Anguished Cry:

"WHAT HAS KEN PATERA DONE TO MY TITLE?"

PHOTOS BY DON FREEDMAN



IT IS A familiar theme, no, a familiar wail of pained protest. Another former champion watching as the belt he so earnestly worked for, so sincerely honored, falls into the

Paul Jones (right) is appalled by the way Ken Patera is downgrading the Mid-Atlantic championship. Ken tries to prove he is a better champion than Jones (left).

vileness of rulebreaker cruelty.

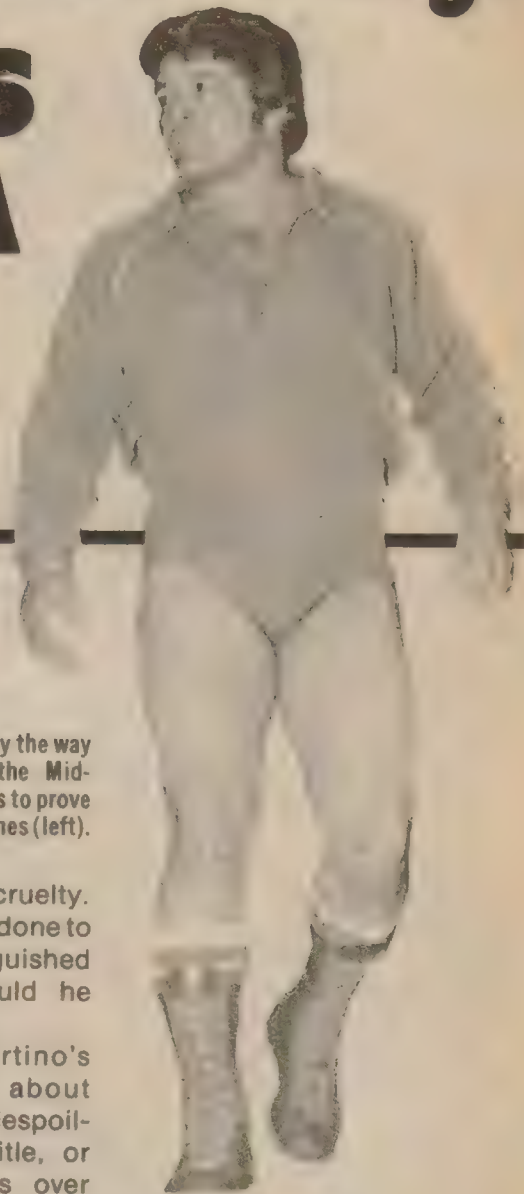
"What has Ken Patera done to my title?" said an anguished Paul Jones. "How could he disgrace my belt?"

Like Bruno Sammartino's disgusted comments about Superstar Graham's despoilation of the WWWF title, or Verne Gagne's laments over Nick Bockwinkel's disgusting disfiguration of the AWA belt, Paul Jones is understandably upset over the mistreatment of his Mid-Atlantic title.

Ken Patera has never claimed to be, nor has he ever manifested, any decency in his

recent wrestling career. Still, many hoped, Jones among them, that once champ, Patera would demonstrate just a little bit of heroic virtue.

"I knew the guy would never become a role model for kids, but I



When Paul Jones held the Mid-Atlantic championship, he defended it with pride, dignity, and honor. Current titlist Ken Patera is bringing nothing but shame to the belt and Paul doesn't like that one bit



Patera and Jones lock up in a test of strength. Jones showed incredible power against strongman Patera (above). Ken runs for cover (below) as Paul bests him.



thought that he'd understand the responsibilities of a champion," Jones said sadly. "He hasn't the faintest idea how to act. If anything, I think he's even worse than he was as a challenger."

What is at issue, at least from Patera's viewpoint, is a difference in definitions.

"Who the hell is Paul Jones to tell me how I'm supposed to act?" roared Patera. "Just because he was a pile of mush as champion and because that hairy boob Sammartino was mister nice-fool doesn't mean that's the way a champion is supposed to act."

"Nor has to. I never held

myself to be something for the little kiddies and their moronic parents to watch like Saturday morning cartoons. All I ever held out was the truth.

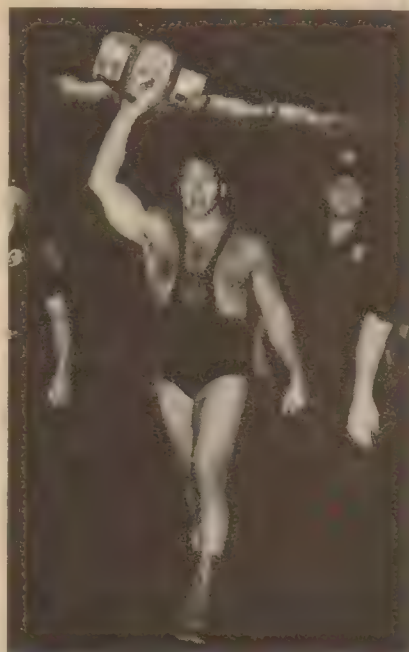
"Now the truth is, Patera is the strongest, best-looking and greatest wrestler in the world. That's the truth and it's supported by the fact that I wear the belt and not that clod Jones."

Troubling as it may be to admit this, there is an element of truth in Patera's raucous statements.

There is no real set of regulations to define how a champion should act. Hopefully, he will act with integrity. Hopefully. But once champion, that man brings to the belt his own individual personality and, as distasteful as it may be to some, it is pleasing to others.

"I don't especially like Patera," said Ric Flair, "but I sure as hell prefer him over that Jones idiot."

Patera leaves the ring, still Mid-Atlantic champion (below). Showing some scientific knowledge, Patera armlocks Paul (right).



"Paul Jones? I don't think worms should be champ," shrieked Greg Valentine. "Jones is a worm, maybe Patera's a chipmunk, not much more. But I think Ken's been pretty decent as champion. At least he doesn't make me want to puke like goody-goody Jones or that Howdy-Doody boob, Backlund."

So, on both sides of the fence exist clearly defined opinions about a subject which, if it is anything, is subjective. Just how disgraceful a champion is depends on whether you eat raw meat for breakfast or Wheaties.

"I don't agree that it's subjective. A champion means something in this world. Champions are looked up to for their kindness and their quiet strength. When I was growing up, I always admired the greats in sports.

"No one likes an obnoxious champion. None of the kids respect someone like that.



That's what I'm talking about. You have these kids, the backbone of our sport, having to see something like Patera wear a belt. How do you think it'll affect them when they grow up? They should want to aspire to something positive. Not to a

Ken Patera."

A cackle of bemused, arrogant laughter commented on Jones' earnest remarks.

"I can't think of anything better than for someone to grow up just like me," Ken Patera laughed harshly. □

Special Expose:



When Liv and Bibi entered the penthouse, their bodies electric with excitement, no one could guess that this match would threaten the very existence of apartment wrestling. One woman would walk away a legend. Her victim wouldn't walk at all

IS APARTMENT WRESTLING BECOMING TOO

WAITING IN THE VIP lounge at New York's Kennedy airport, Dave Moll waited for industrialist Ozzie Junger, sports entrepreneur Rick Weisman, and playboy-millionaire Roy Thomas. These four men were gathering to decide the fate of apartment wrestling. The sport was

experiencing its first major crisis.

Moll sipped his Black Bull dry Rob Roy and pondered recent events. What had started out to be an erotic spectacle had turned into uncontrolled mayhem. It was intended to celebrate female physicality, liberate a woman's fury from social conventions. In the beginning, beautiful women

were fantastic realizations of Dave's dream.

Then, slowly but surely, before anyone noticed, the intent of the sport changed. Instead of exquisitely sensual grapplers, the participants had become meaner, more brutal, cruel instead of graceful. The celebration had turned into a battleground.

There had been many recent matches in which the ladies had savagely assaulted each other,

reminding spectators of the bloody brawls between camp followers in the Mexican wars. What was once magnificent had turned ugly and vicious. Moll thought back on the words of T.S. Elliot: "This is not what I meant, not what I meant at all."

To either savor the spectacle or disband it, Moll had gathered four of the leading organizers from around the world. It had taken over a month to get everyone together. But today, in New York, the first meeting would take place. Moll felt a tightening in the pit of his stomach, a tension ache he'd not felt since 1959. That year, he risked everything he owned on a business venture. Within two months, he'd become a multi-millionaire many times over. In

Sooner or later, serious injury would occur, bringing down the wrath of the authorities. As a city official told Moll, "The best way to avoid police interference is have nothing happen that requires police interference."

Weisman was the first to arrive. Within an hour, Thomas and Junger joined them. The four men got into Moll's limousine and headed for the penthouse. There was little conversation during the ride. Nobody wanted to begin the discussion which could end apartment wrestling.

At dinner, they talked of anything but apartment wrestling. The meal, though five courses, took less than an hour.

Eating quickly was a way of avoiding discussion. First, carrying snifters of brandy and Havana cigars (courtesy of Junger), the quartet went into Moll's screening room. Moll introduced the first match.

"The bout took place in Munich," he explained, "under Ozzie's guidance. So we know every precaution was taken to make sure this was sport and not open warfare. The ladies, Bibi and Liv, were a stenographer and physical therapist, respectively. They'd never met each other, so there was no reason to suspect personal animosity. You all know what

DO APARTMENT WRESTLING DO BRUTAL? PART II

some ways, this was more important. Business risks were schemes. Apartment wrestling is his vision.

At home, his butler would just about be beginning preparations. An elaborate dinner was planned, to be followed by films. It was of one of the most savage apartment wrestling brawls ever. This sort of torture couldn't be allowed to happen again.

Liv ties Bibi up in knots and prepares to claw and scratch her. This was the brutal beginning of a very vicious match.





Bibi uses all her strength to squeeze the breath from the sultry body of Liv. Liv screams as she is unable to break the tight grip and may have to concede early in the encounter.

happened. However, it's best to see the films before discussing it further. I remind you Bibi has the straight black hair and Liv sports a permanent. Shall we begin?"

"One question," interjected Thomas. "I'd like to ask Ozzie a little about the women. Could you anticipate how violent they'd be? Was there anything especially cruel in their manner?"

"According to all their friends," Ozzie declared, "they were calm, considerate young ladies. They loves sports, but never really showed overbearing competitiveness. Bibi's hobby is modern dance. Liv is a horsewoman whose main passion is the steeplechase. I did everything but give them a psychological test."

"You were there," Weisman

continued, "and saw it all. Do you have any theories?"

"None," Junger admitted, sadly shaking his head. "I even asked them afterward, 'Why did you go crazy like that?' They had no answer. All they'd say was, 'If I wrestle her again, I'll kill her.' One match turned them from wonderful ladies into murderers. Who can figure it out?"

The group fell silent. There was nothing left to do but roll the first film. Each man watched silently, looking for some clues, some telling moment. What turned these women into berserk brawlers? The film's leader flashed on the screen, followed by the match.

Both women appeared slightly shy, perhaps even a bit embarrassed, as they were introduced. Bibi's fists clenched and unclenched, but that could have been nerves. It looked like both girls were intent on having a friendly contest. It didn't promise much excitement, but at least there'd be no serious injury. That's what it looked like.

The bout began. The voluptuous combatants circled each other slowly, hesitating on how to begin. Hands slapped in the air as they aimlessly tried to make contact. Sheepish grins broke out across their faces as they realized this was less than awe-inspiring.

Then Bibi clumsily tried to get Liv in a headlock. Liv twisted free and grabbed Bibi by the leg. The lush victim toppled to the carpet. Not knowing how to break her fall, the brunt of the pain was borne by her head and shoulders. A look of combined rage and fright crossed Bibi's face. Springing to her feet, she tensed and prepared for the next attack.

Yet, it was Liv's expression that startled the viewers. There was a look of cruel delight etched on her features. Her mouth, slightly too sensual to be



...in a sadistic snarl. She had immensely enjoyed seeing her opponent in pain. It was a thrill she clearly wished to repeat.

The next movement had almost a ballet-like intensity and grace. Liv lashed out with her fist, only to have Bibi block the punch and twist to the side, driving her knee into Liv's belly. Liv fell to the ground, stunned. Almost before the victim hit the carpet, Bibi was on top of her.

Yanking Liv's arm, Bibi twisted the raven-tressed beauty around, forcing Liv to lie face down on the carpet. With her free hand, Bibi ground Liv's exquisite features into the plush pile, choking and burning her foe's cheeks, chin, and forehead. Every muscle in Bibi's body was tensed as she went about her torturous task.

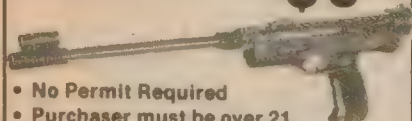
Somehow, probably driven by
(Continued on page 56)

Liv takes charge and floors Bibi (above) then digs her knee into Bibi's arm. The tables are turned (below). Violence at its height (right) with Bibi as the victim.



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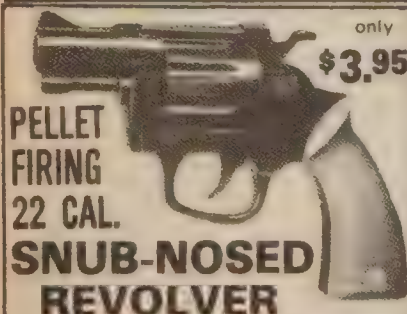
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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)



NWA CHAMPION HARLEY RACE

strength for strength. It was an unsettling experience for Ken Patera.

"That SOB cheated," Patera screamed after the match, walking to the dressing room with a noticeable limp. "You all saw him cheat. Hell, how else could he survive with the great Patera?"

How else, Ken? I'll tell you. It's called guts, ability, and yes, Kenny, strength. And lots of it.

—Carl Salinger

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Oh, if Harley Race only knew what being NWA champion would be like, he probably would have ran and hid the night he defeated Terry Funk for the golden belt. Certainly, after his latest match against the wild and unpredictable Bruiser, Harley could be forgiven if he wished he never was NWA champ.

Bruiser was overwhelming in

the early going of the event. The amazing strength of this beefy superstar all but had Race finished. Harley survived only by calling on the experience he has garnered over his 15 year career.

After the bout, reporters squeezed into Race's small dressing room on the northeast corner of the building. They all wanted one question answered: How did he find the match with Bruiser?

Through puffed, unsmiling lips came the one word answer: "Tough."

—Buddy Ford

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Six man tag teams hover precariously between fine teamwork and chaotic brutality. A man who always finds himself in the middle of either situation insists that he prefers the measured precision of a tag team.



ANDRE THE GIANT

"I don't like it when everyone is jumping on everyone else," Andre the Giant said. "I do prefer that it stay ordered. One man against one man. But it is very difficult to keep people from breaking the rules."

As a veteran of the Battle Royals, Andre is able to handle himself when bodies start leaping into the ring.

"It doesn't frighten me because I have the proper wide vision to handle situations like that. But wrestling is wonderful when supervised. That is the way it should be."

—Allison Corey

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Maybe some day Nick Bockwinkel will be forced to defend his title without Bobby Heenan's help. I don't know if any of us will live to see that day.

Jerry Lawler had Bockwinkel at his mercy, but Heenan decided to take things into his own hands and interfere. Of course, Bockwinkel was disqualified, but he retained the AWA belt. The point is whether Bockwinkel is afraid of doing things on his own. Or is he just not talented enough?

—Randy Swift □

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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 12)



The sensational Bravo comes off the ropes and is about to land full force on big Nikolai Volkoff. Everyone is now aware that Dino is one of wrestling's brightest young stars. A major championship should be in his future.

serious run at the record."

As with other records which have survived the systematic attacks of several generations of athletes, this mark was thought to be immutable from breakage. Bravo has extended his streak to 69 consecutive matches, surpassing Gene Kiniski's 1969 record of 67. The point which Bravo hastens to make is that 69 is far away from 142.

"That's it, you see, it's a thrill to have gone this far and to have passed a great wrestler like Kiniski is quite an accomplishment," Bravo said. "But to do it for 142

straight matches is incredible. You have to have the talent, the stamina, the guts to do it time and time again.

"It's not like you just show up. Or that you just win. You have to win in under fifteen minutes. Let me tell you, that's not easy."

Lest misunderstanding arise, Bravo's pursuit of Lou Thesz's 1949 record is not the sole basis for his being named Wrestler of the Month.

Bravo has established himself as one of the top WWF contenders. He and Dominic DeNucci lost their WWF tag team title to the



Slater is lifted by Bravo as Dino displays his incredible strength. Dino is deserving of this month's award.

lumberjacks, a defeat which has failed to slow Bravo's relentless match toward Bob Backlund's belt.

"Right now, my primary goal is to become WWF champion. Bob is a friend of mine, but I still want his belt. So that's number one in my mind.

"And since people have started talking about the record, I've thought about it. A little bit, mind you, but it's started to enter my thoughts."

What is appealing about Dino Bravo is his quiet humility. It does not come across as contrived, but a product of a gentle confidence in his own abilities.

"Yes, winning Wrestler of the Month is a great honor, because it comes from people who know wrestling. And I like to think I'm good enough to be a federation champion. But to be honest, I'd have to come awful close to the record before I seriously thought about myself in the same light as Lou Thesz. He is one of the all-time greats.

"I'm not an all-time great," he said, then grinned. "Yet." ☐

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MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 18)



to them. I'd make a suggestion and say that Mike and Steve should stick together, if only because they're such a fine team and wrestling needs a tag team like them. But it is their decision, and as a long-time Eddie Graham fan, I simply want to convey my sympathy.

ANNA CHARLES
Rock Island, Ill.

UVALDE'S BETTER THAN DUSTY?

I had the honor of seeing Uvalde Slim wrestle once, and any talk that Uvalde is Dusty Rhodes is a foolish and useless line of thinking.

"Can It Be Dusty Rhodes?" (November 1978) was a long overdue article. Uvalde is one of wrestling's quiet stars and it is my humble opinion that he'll be challenging for the various world titles in a few months.

PATRICK SUTHEM
Waco, Texas

It is possible that Steve Keirn (headlocking his opponent above) is hurting the career of his best friend Mike Graham.



Uvalde Slim poses for our photographer. It was said by many fans that it was about time we did a story about him!

Your article, "Why Jack Brisco Must Be The Best Of The Former Champions" (November 1978), proves that Brisco is a man of great integrity.

PAULA WELLS
Orlando, Fla.



Former two-time NWA champion Jack Brisco armlocks former WWWF king Stan Stasiak.

Leave it to your talented and ingenious staff to come up with a fresh and innovative idea like the "Inquiring Reporter." Too often, the only way fans can say what they feel is by writing letters, but other than that, our voices are silent.

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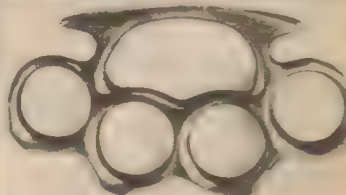
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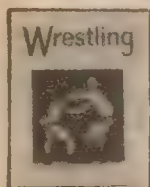
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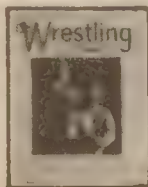
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BOB BACKLUND

(Continued from Page 21)

His conduct in the ring must be given an A.

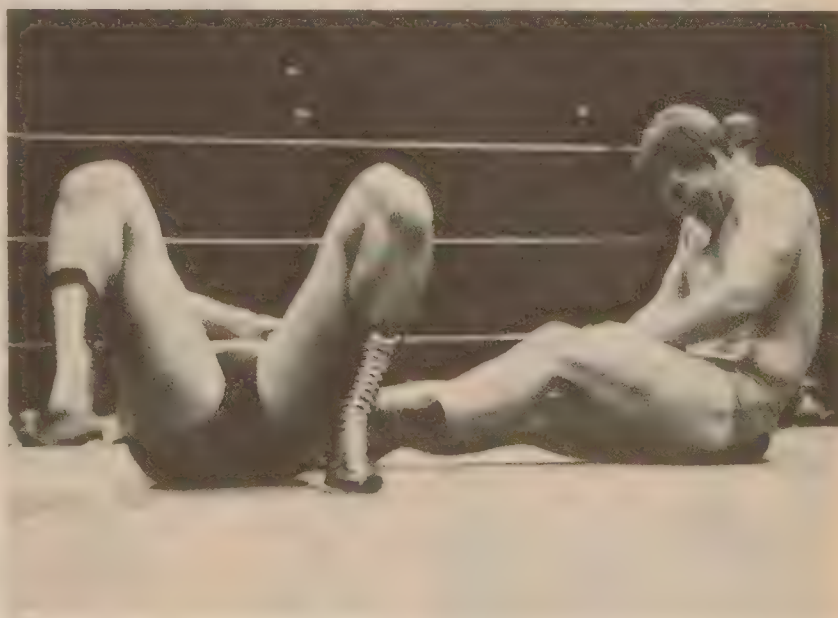
Since Backlund's talents are not shrouded in the treachery that often makes analysis of rulebreakers impossible, we can carefully and accurately determine just how good Backlund is.

His atomic spinebreaker is quickly becoming one of wrestling's most feared maneuvers. Backlund has perfected it to a

remarkable. He has shown an intuitive knowledge of wrestling's intricacies by his alignment with manager Arnold Skaaland, perhaps Backlund's wisest move since becoming champion.

On ability, Backlund must be given an A-.

Backlund's courage, as manifested by his choice of opponents, is the final essential factor to be analyzed.



Backlund uses an armstretcher on Japanese champion Antonio Inoki. Bob traveled to the island nation to accept Inoki's challenge. The two warriors battled to an exciting draw in one of the classic encounters of 1978.

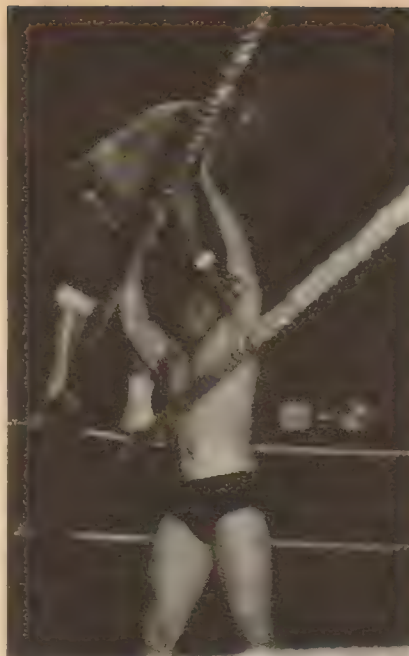
sensational level of efficiency. What worried many observers was whether Backlund would be content to have just one powerful hold and fail to perfect any other moves.

Fortunately for Backlund, this has not been the case. He has worked long and hard on expanding his repertoire, thus not only improving his own native talents, but also demonstrating a dedication for self-improvement which must be helpful in the long run.

Backlund keeps himself in excellent shape. His stamina is

Many champions shirk the challenges of their federation's top wrestlers. Not with Backlund. However, a certain doubt enters here. Two of the WWWF's top wrestlers, Dusty Rhodes and Mil Mascaras, have yet to receive a shot at Backlund's belt.

Now, Backlund has said publicly that he would be willing to meet either of these men, or both, but promoters have shied away from a Backlund-Rhodes match because both of them are scientific wrestlers, and that money precluded a Mascaras-Backlund bout.



Bob prepares to toss Mr. Fuji (above). NWA kingpin Harley Race receives a similar treatment (below).



We feel that, if Backlund really wanted to put his belt on the line, he would have found some way to overcome these problems. We don't think it has anything to do with courage, but with Backlund's naivete. For this, he receives a B-.

Our final grade? B+. With the potential for an A. ☐

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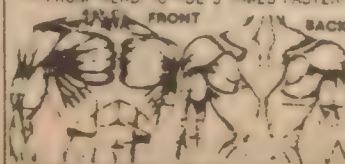
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DUSTY RHODES

(Continued from Page 35)



The dreaded clawhold of Spoiler takes its toll on Dusty (above). Dusty tries to unmask Spoiler (below) but will fail.

shot, man, you gonna lose your lip. I hit first, then watch the blood flow. That's the way to fight, man."

It didn't start out as a fight. More like a gutless alley beating. Within minutes, Rhodes was covered with his own blood, rivers of red dripping over his forehead and down through his eyes, temporarily blinding him.



"I was just hoping I could hang on long enough to clear my vision," Rhodes said. "Then I knew I could get back into things."

Slowly, yet inexorably, Rhodes rose from his weakened, toppled position. Deliberately, he forced himself up, the roars of the crowd, the fans, propelling him upward.

"As soon as those people, my people, begin to whoop and holler, I know I'm in."

Dusty pushed himself up and faced Spoiler. The crowd exploded. With the clawhold still firmly attached to Dusty's wincing visage, the American Dream wound up and pummeled Spoiler with a savage body punch.

"The coward hit me with a foreign object," Spoiler whined.

Not content with his early and continuing treachery, Spoiler tried to impale Dusty on the rope and tear off his feet. For this, and other similar acts of bestiality, Spoiler was disqualified.

"I won the match, but what ya gonna do when that blimp mass of old potato salad pays off the refs and the fans. Ya think fans come to see him? That clown has some of his vermin friends standing in bars paying people to attend matches and cheer for him.

"Why would anyone want to root for such a fool?" Spoiler hurled a stool across the locker room.

What is pertinent to any post-match analysis is the very simple fact that only the most brutal of rulebreakers was willing to take on Dusty. Could this indicate a widespread terror on behalf of the rulebreaker germ colony?

"They'll always find someone willing to wrestle me. So? I'm not afraid of any of them. Bring 'em on," Dusty grinned. □

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 45)

agony, Liv managed to throw her oppressor off. The badly battered woman scurried to a corner. Liv crouched like a cornered animal, trembling with fear and hatred as her attacker approached for the kill. The wary beauty's fingers stood straight out, as if they were talons able to gore her foe as she approached.

Bibi enjoyed the sight of her tormented victim. Slowly, to make each second more torturous for Liv, she came closer and closer. Liv's body shook convulsively, and then, as if out of control, she attacked.

Bibi, stunned, didn't react for a long second. Before the voluptuous grappler realized what was happening, Liv was on top of her as Bibi lay motionless on the carpet. An insane glee lit up Liv's face as she recklessly scratched and pummeled her opponent. It was an exhausting exhibition of grappling ferocity. Liv's whole body leaped and writhed as she turned into a whirlwind of destruction. It was if the heat and feel of Bibi's flesh gave Liv savage energy.

The brutalization kept up for an abominably long time. The viewers found themselves turning their heads away in horror. Yet, spectators at the bout were watching in transfixed fascination. Being there, watching this brutality in three dimensions and with all senses alive, the men adored every movement. It's not a passion one could brag about.

The match slowed down for a moment. Liv, exhausted, rolled off to a corner. Bibi, her voluptuous body covered with



Liv gouges Bibi's eyes (above) as the battle gets hotter and hotter. Her attention turns to Bibi's chin (below) as she tries to snap the long black haired opponent's neck.



welts, slowly got to her feet. The two women faced each other. Gone was the spirit of fun, shyness, or embarrassment. Standing in their place were two beauties, weary and worn, driven by the lust to inflict pain. Watching the film, the men stared in frightened awe.

"Freeze the film!" Moll commanded. "There must be something to learn from those faces!"

Frozen in time, the beauties stared at each other. The men tried to read some answer upon the women's faces to the mysteries of savage instincts.

"Start up the film again," Moll

(Continued on page 58)

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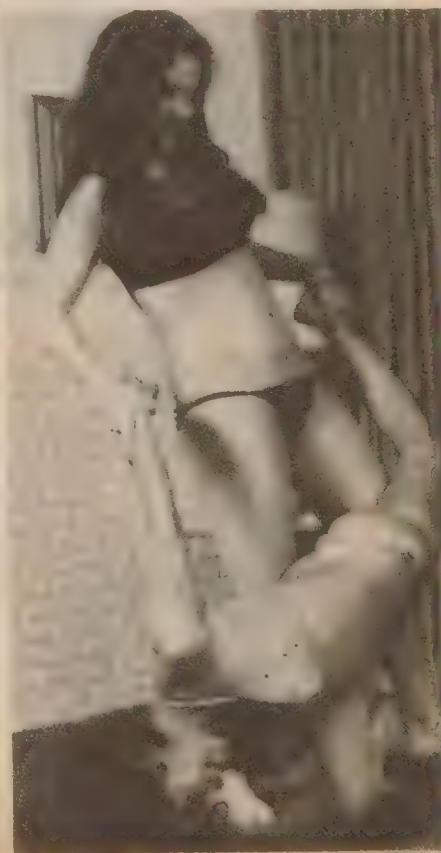
APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 56)

instructed, knowing no answers had been found.

Now the two women moved slowly towards each other. Spittle drooled unchecked down their lips. Their movements were deliberate, still maintaining an animal grace. They clashed, flesh smacking against flesh for an instant, and then they fell to the carpet.

What followed looked like the convulsions of a snake as their bodies, entwined by arms and legs, heaved and writhed across the carpet. Feeding on each



Bibi shows her power and expertise as she tortures Liv by pulling on both her leg and arm in a fantastic combination.

other's fury, the voluptuous warriors flopped and squirmed across the carpet, biting and tearing and kicking and gouging as if life itself hung in the balance. This furious activity, a



Bibi is unbelievably vicious as she keeps ramming Liv's head onto the floor over and over again (above). She follows up with an armbreaker (below).



kaleidoscope of brutality, continued far past the supposed point of human endurance. The women's features grew slack and lifeless, as if all their energy and tensions were marshalled in

(Continued on page 62)

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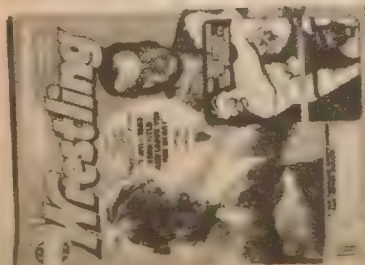
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 59)



It's nearly over as Bibi puts the finishing touches on Liv. Bibi proved just how vicious an apartment wrestler can be.

arms, legs, and torsos. Finally, Liv's body refused to battle anymore.

Bibi didn't realize her opponent was finished. She continued pummeling and battering, smashing her foe at will. Liv was like a child's

punching bag, defenselessly pounded away only to suffer the blows again. The infighting was so close and so wild, no one realized Liv was already unconscious.

Bibi, still not knowing Liv was finished, jumped to her feet and started kicking the victim about the face and breasts. Only then did the spectators realize the brunette was helpless. The grotesque splaying of Liv's arms and legs were horrible to see. Bibi, controlled only by her instinct to hurt, didn't notice.

It took three people to pull Bibi off her fallen foe. Liv lay there, hacking and coughing. Tears streaked down her eyes; the silent film didn't record her moans. The film then ran out, darkening the screen until there was a quick flash of white light. Then the butler turned off the projector and flipped on the overhead lamps.

"Gentlemen," Moll said, "we've seen what happened. The lady had to be taken to the hospital with two cracked ribs and internal bleeding. Fortunately, there were no permanent injuries, although there may be bouts of dizziness for the next year.

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(Continued on page 64)

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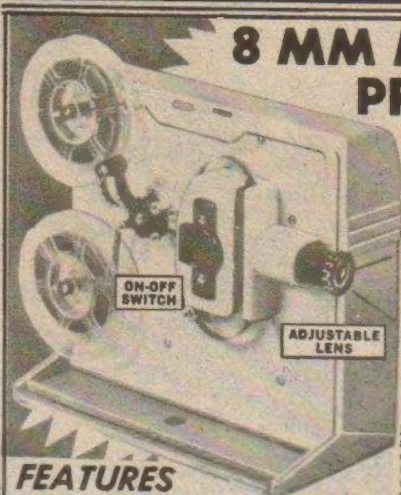
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 63)



Bibi is on the way to injuring Liv so nothing will stand in the way of her certain victory. This match shows how brutal the sport of apartment wrestling is becoming.



In a last ditch effort, Liv works on the neck of Bibi once again. Her attempt is futile as Bibi will emerge the winner.

recently. Now we can no longer ignore it.

"Do I have any suggestions?"

There was silence. Finally, Thomas spoke.

"We should try to find out why this has happened. There must be reasons. Apartment wrestling is enjoyed by some of the most brilliant minds in the country. I say give over the problem to them."

"But what about in the meantime?" Junger asked. "That woman could have been seriously hurt."

"We take our chances," Thomas replied, "but also keep eternally vigilant."

"How?" Weisman asked.

"To each his own," was Thomas' only answer. ☐

Editor's Note: The conclusion of this story will appear in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING ANNUAL/Winter**, on sale October 17.

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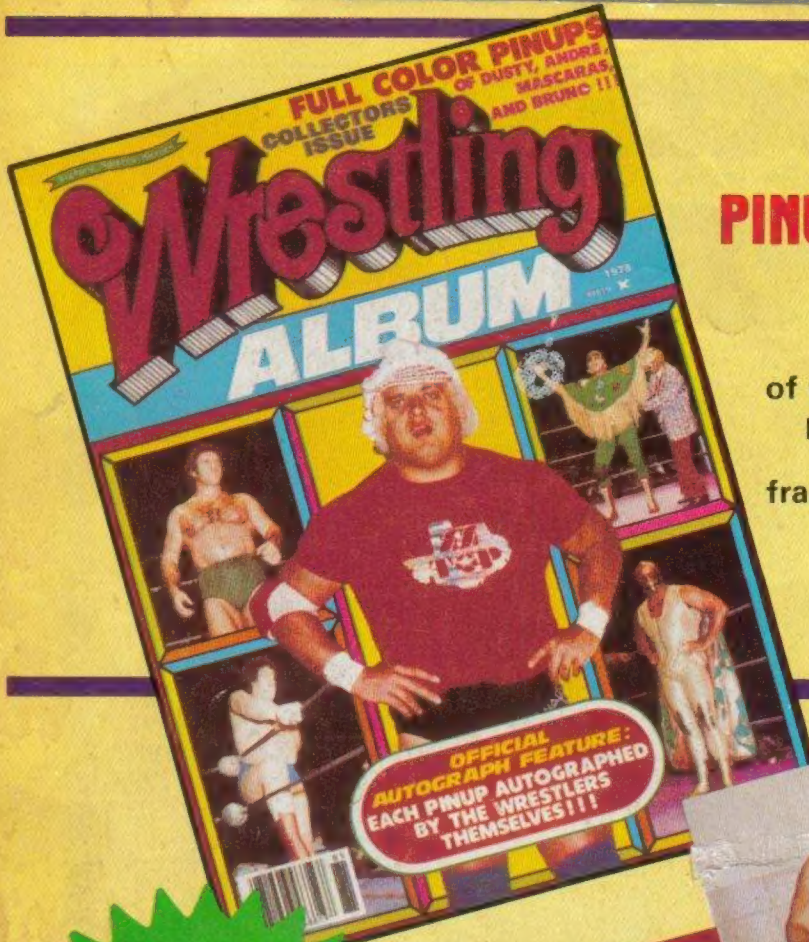
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